
THE
WOMAN of FASHION.

A
P O E M.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE
WOMAN OF FASHION

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D. O. F. M.



T H E
WOMAN of FASHION.

A
P O E M.

In Two LETTERS from Lady MARIA MODISH

TO
Lady BELINDA ARTLESS.

“ Men, some to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
“ But of the *Ton* each Woman is a RAKE.”
POPE's Ethics.

Ye Critics, permit me your Pardon to hope
For thus having ventur'd to deviate from POPE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.
MDCC LXXVIII.



THE
WOMAN OF FASHION.

P O E M.

In Two LETTERS from Lady MARIA MORLEY

TO

Lady BELINDA ARTLESS.

"Alas, how to husband, how to please to keep
"The heart of the young woman is a task!"
"The young man's heart."

"Ye ladies, permit me your pardon to hope
"For the young man's heart to be as true as yours."

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. B. W. in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLXXIII.



TO THE
LADIES of the B O N T O N.

LADIES, to you I dedicate these Lays;
'Tis yours to turn their Censure to your Praise.
I place this Mirror openly to View;
You'll find it clear, and wonderfully true:
Your Heads, your Feathers, and your Waists, it shows,
Behind, before, and even to your Toes.
While you still wander the fantastic Round,
And diff'rent Sexes by your Arts confound,
My Muse, with all her Pow'rs,—Pen, Heart, and Tongue,
The Failings of the Old as well as Young,
While I have Breath, by me shall still be sung.
In the gay Circle while I daily see
That Men will Women, Women Men will be,
To paint in their true Colours ev'ry Elf,
I Folly's Poet-Laureat crown myself.
Should abler Pens assume the Task.—I yield,
And leave to them with Pleasure the vast Field.

LADIES of the BOSTON.

TO THE

LADIES of the BOSTON
I place in your hands this book

I place in your hands this book

You'll find it cheap, and wonderfully true

Your Husbands, your friends, and your Wives, it shows

Believe me, it will do you good

Why do you not work in the Domestic Room?

And why do you not work in the Kitchen?

My Maid, with all her faults, is a good creature

The best of the Old as well as the Young

With a little care, the best of the Old will be young

In the way of the world, I have seen

And when I see a Woman, I know Men will be

To please in their own Country, they will be

And when I see a Woman, I know Men will be

And when I see a Woman, I know Men will be

And when I see a Woman, I know Men will be

T H E

WOMAN of FASHION.

*From Lady MARIA MODISH, in Town, to
Lady BELINDA ARTLESS, in the Country.*

HANG those stupid old Dotards who sung former Days;
The present, I'm certain, have infinite Praise.
I like, you must know, to be bold and inviting,
For Spirit in us all the Men now delight in.
You know, my dear BEL, it has long been my Passion
To figure away as a Woman of Fashion.

As

As I now, thank my Genius, have gain'd the dear End,
And a Cold gives me Time, this Epistle I'll send.
Strange Notions, I own, made me awkward at first,
And I thought those who swore wou'd be certainly curst:
The Commandments of God I was taught to obey,
That "Respect to his Word I most surely shou'd pay;"
That "Death we must taste, and we know not the Hour
When Sickness and Pain may exert their full Pow'r;"
That "Virtue alone all those Pains can assuage,
Makes the Mind bloom in Roses thro' Wrinkles and Age;"
That "the Way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise,
Was to go soon to Bed, and as early to rise."
Such, such, were the Precepts my Grandame bestow'd;
To her all my rustic Ideas I ow'd.
When your Friend Mr. MODISH and I first came here,
We went out together devoid of all Fear,
Appear'd

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

9

Appear'd in all Places like Husband and Wife,
In open Rebellion 'gainst Sense and High Life.
Lady RACKET, who swore by her Maker at Loo,
Made me stare with Surprize, for 'twas totally new:
No—I cannot forget it—I whisper'd a Prayer,
Intreating my God of poor me to take Care;
And I half had resolv'd from such Beings to fly,
Who shew'd such Contempt of their Maker on High;
Nay—I thought that her Ladyship's Mouth was awry.
But the Men who were near her approv'd her so much,
That to please them of Oaths she now gave such a Touch,
As convinc'd us no Sailor, or Oyfter-Wench, dare
With her Ladyship at their own Weapons compare.
Such Praise to this Lady so strangely was giv'n,
Like her I determin'd to forfeit e'en Heav'n;

C

So

10 THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

So I learnt to make Oaths—and I so much excel,
As would hurt you to hear, should I venture to tell.
In the Country I studied; but here it would be,
At present, by no Means amusing to me.
LUCRETIA, dear BEL, puts me quite in a Passion;
Such Matrons are now, *tout-à-fait*, out of Fashion:
Our Laws set each Pair at full Freedom, and we
As lightly regard a Divorce as our Tea.
No Dagger, no Poison, no Mischief, appears;
We meet without Love, and we part without Tears.
We Folks of the *Ton* enter into Alliance,
To set those odd Notions at total Defiance.
What—marry for Love!—Oh! I die at the Thought!
With Money alone must old HYMEN be fraught.
Thus when at the Altar much Nonsense we say,
(For we promise to honour, respect, and obey,)

Our

Our Hearts, at the Moment we utter each Word,
Confess that the Book and the Priest are absurd.
Nay, what signifies Love?—We barter our Hand,
O'er Coaches and Diamonds to have the Command.
I tell you the ROMANS were Fools, and I'll prove
That Madam LUCRETIA knew nothing of Love:
To stab her poor Bosom when sought by a King,
In this refin'd Age, seems a sad foolish Thing.
Could TARQUIN peep up, how amaz'd would he be
Each new-married Couple so distant to see!
No Sort of Attention—indiff'rent—'Tis sure:
This Age of *Politeness* he could not endure.
Like APOLLO of old, he no Doubt still would prize,
And pursue with most Ardour, the Fair-One who flies.
He now who would wish it, with Ease may obtain
The Heart unconnected with HYMEN's rough Chain;

That:

That cobweb Restraint is no longer a Band,
For the Heart we but seldom present with the Hand.
If by Chance here and there an odd Female is seen,
Whose Bosom is gentle, whose Feelings are keen,
Who still has her Grandmother's Precepts by Heart,
And will never from them and Religion depart;
What Reward does she gain?---Indiff'rence---Neglect---
Civilities mingled with distant Respect:
Her Heart, Hand, and Fortune, she freely resign'd,
In the Husband the Friend and the Lover to find;
But mistaken she proves---for they never are join'd.
How easy our Manners, how high is each Head!
With our Cushions and Curls we quite fill up the Bed.
Still you talk of OCTAVIA, ANTONIA, and more,
Who flourish'd unrival'd the Heroines of Yore;

In Ringlets unpowder'd each Beauty appear'd,
And Nature in most Things those Ladies rever'd;
To elegant Neatness their Persons confin'd,
For their chief Decorations consisted in Mind:
"By Nature alone were they painted and drest;"
Yet our Mode of Proceeding is surely the best.
All artless be she who has nought to conceal,
Her Looks may her inmost Recesses reveal;
But Rouge o'er the Countenance gives us Command,
It hides the rude Blush which is often at Hand:
To fusty old Truth we no Homage e'er pay,
'Tis Art which directs what we do or we say.
Such Tufts we now wear!--tho' a Letter addrest
To the Premier of Fashions those Feathers molest:
But the Dutchess has so much good Sense to despise
The Fool who would venture her Grace to advise.

D.

The

The Ostrich he mentions, unlike our poor Hen,
On Africa's Sands quite secluded from Men,
Still wanders the Deserts with Swiftneſs about,
While ſhe leaves all her Eggs for the Sun to bring out.
Britiſh Mothers by wearing her Plumes ſhe infects;
Thus each Fair-One her Huſband and Children neglects.
Tho', believe me, I think not they add to my Beauty,
Yet to follow the Faſhion is wholly my Duty;
And if at the *Noſe* they ſhould ever be plac'd,
My Noſtrils with Feathers ſhall quickly be grac'd:
So I beg you won't offer Advice, ſince you ſee
I'm determin'd a Woman of Faſhion to be.
My Maid at this Moment has got an odd Job,
In my Petticoat now ſhe is making a Fob;
For a Chain to my Watch like the Men I have put;
Like them I can alſo ſtride out my right Foot:

The

The Mode of the *Ton* thus each Female bewitches,
That we draw out our Watch as they do from their Breeches.
To eat, drink, or sleep, Oh! BEL, what a Shame!
When a Cobler and Tinker are doing the same.
At Midnight we openly toast whom we love---
No Hypocrisy this---which I know you'll approve.
At six in the Morning I pop into Bed,
With some little Aches in my Bosom and Head:
Dust-Carts, Chimney-Sweepers, and Milk, for a While,
My Slumbers of all their Refreshment beguile.
Between two and three, when my Breakfast is brought,
I eat it in Bed, as all wise Women ought.
At four I step out for an Airing or so;
Nay, often to visit on Horseback I go.
I meet in Hyde-Park the obliging Count P——,
Who at all Times is ready to wait upon me:

P——'s

P——'s a Fellow of Sense, and his Fortune can spend;
When 'tis gone---why, no Matter---all comes to an End.
Then in Catalogues CHRISTIE exhibits our Taste,
And gives to the Town some Amusement at least.
If you now had a House, I could get for a little
What would please you exactly, I know, to a Tittle;
For Auctions, BELINDA, so common are grown,
That each Day we may view them, or let them alone:
Lord V-----s, Lord K---y, and B---F---DE beside,
Where I stopp'd t'other Day as I came from my Ride;
Many Thousands a Year they all had, but they're gone,
In Races, in Dice, and in Bouquets for JOHN.
Suppose yourself with me, and join'd in the Crowd,
Where Women and Men are all equally loud;
Then listen attentive as careless we walk,
Ev'ry Lady, you know, has Permission to talk.

“ Oh!

“ Oh ! these horrid Back-Stairs !—how we clamber and stoop ?

“ Lady B---F---DE could never come down in a Hoop.

“ Who, Madam, can pity a Being so sad ?

“ Sir C-----s was a Fool, and his Lady was mad.

“ Not three Months ago since they enter'd first here ;

“ Their Goods, I suppose, will sell monstrously dear.

“ The People in High Life their Tradesmen forget,

“ In vain they may grumble, remonstrate, and fret :

“ All *just* Debts of Honour they faithfully pay ;

“ What they lose at a *Horse-Race*, a *Bet*, or a *Play*.

“ What an elegant Wardrobe ! quite new, I protest ;

“ That little Thing too—'tis a nice Cordial Chest.

“ The Looking-Glass, sure, was intended for me ;

“ Her Dressing-Room this—Well, alas, Lady B——

E

“ Here

"Here ends Dissipation, to this it must come;

"I am told they will set off directly for Rome.:"

"But, hark!--CHRISTIE talks of a Horse and a Groom." }

"What, only Three Pound!—Believe me, the Frame

"Cost more in the Gilding—Ten Pound let me name—

"A-going! a-going!"—None open'd their Lips;

So the Creditors got but Three Pound for ECLIPSE;

No one pities at Auctions, yet there she might shine;

'Tis Sir C-----s's To-day, and To-morrow 'tis mine.

This Thought how intrusive!—yet now 'tis, I find,

"Fellow-Feelings alone make us all wond'rous kind."

How pleasingly passes each Moment, dear BEL,

In the Mind where Reflection no longer can dwell!

'Tis a peevish Restraint, and we banish it hence,

For it ne'er should intrude on a Person of Sense.

No

No pious Discourse shall e'er catch me, believe;
Nor St. PAUL, if now here, should MARIA deceive.
To Kensington-Garden that Day I repair,
For my Friends of the *Ton* then assemble all there:
RELIGION no Person of *Fashion* regards,
Sundays pass now in Walking, in Scandal, and Cards.
We laugh, we are noisy, and monstiously gay,
And for great Sums of Money we constantly play.
Nor must I, since writing, to mention forget
With what Spirit and Eagerness *Ladies* now bet.
To you, whom I love, no Restraint curbs my Pen;
I protest we *out-swear* and out-bet all the Men.
Each dear little Fellow, without any Pain,
Might hang as a Trinket upon my new Chain:
They lisp, they wear Shawls, while, with Joy be it told,
The Women are daring, and staring, and bold.

How

How charming that Youth who with Art can beguile,
Can chace away Thought, and force Dulness to smile;
Who at all Times and Places is constantly near,
And with pleasing Attention sticks close to the Ear!
Thus EVE, we are told, by the Serpent was try'd,
And has left an Example to all Men beside.
I believe I forgot just to mention the Camp,
But, alas! all those Hopes have now met with a Damp.
Our Neighbours are, sure, too polite to invade;
Yet, should it e'en happen, we can't be afraid:
Our Forces---no Doubt we have Men to command,
Whose Courage and Skill would protect Britain's Land,
Tho' most of our Youths may with PARIS compare,
And are true Womens Warriors with long-flowing Hair.
Behind the old Monument *bravely* he stood
At the Grecian while darting his Arrow of Wood;

With

With such Force and Spirit the Hero did throw,
 That it fix'd DIOMED to the Ground by the Toe.
 In the Camp, my dear Friend, I much wish'd to acquire
 That bold martial Air which the Men so admire.
 My Tents full fifteen were bespoke there to shine
 Where all the Militia, dear Men! were to dine:
 A real *Champêtre* exhibited there,
 In which Lady RACKET and I were to share.
 My Habit of Scarlet and Silver prepar'd,
 I think to attack us no Foe would have dar'd.
 Much Service, 'tis certain, the Women have done;
 Then is it not hard to destroy all our Fun?
 Some Females I've read of, but when, how, or where,
 I cannot at present inform you, I swear,
 When their City was taken, the Victor so brave
 Permitted the Ladies some Treasure to save;

F

Therefore

Therefore told them in Safety they all might convey,
Whatever they could by their Strength take away.
The Gates were thrown open; the Women behold
Sinking under the Weight, not of Jewels or Gold:
To their Praise it's related! each Dame, pick-a-pack,
Carry'd off, *cap-à-pié*, her dear Spouse on her Back.
Were we in the Camp, and Invasions took Place,
Do you think we should act as they did in that Case?
Let them sleep now in Peace, for I'm tir'd of the Theme;
Those Days, thank my Stars, are pass'd off like a Dream.
That I could not stay long you will presently know,
Yet I wish'd for three Weeks or a Fortnight to go;
But an Order is gone that no Woman must dare,
Except Washers, and Sutlers, to shew themselves there.
You will hardly believe that a Wife may now claim
Than Spinsters a better Pretension to Fame:

A Brother,

A Brother, a Cousin, might ask their Intent,
And, if they should trifle, might dare to resent ;
But a Husband most *kindly* indulges each Rake,
That he the same Freedom with others may take.
To the dear foreign Regions indebted we are
For all these Refinements improving and rare ;
This makes all the Misses in Haste to be wed,
And take the first Husband they can to their Bed.
She may join the gay Circle when once that is o'er ;
A Youth then attends who ne'er fought her before.
Oh ! who can such elegant Softness withstand,
When he whispers she may his best Service command ?
You, BEL, in your last, gave the Queen for my Guide,
In so bright an Example you bade me take Pride :
She is not the Fashion ; for, well it is known,
No Feather at Court she permits to be shewn.

How.

How strange her Opinions, what Notions has she,
Who sleeps like the Vulgar while we are at Tea!
Her Majesty also looks forward to Heav'n,
Where Crowns never-fading to Virtue are giv'n;
Her Husband obeys, and her Children she loves;
An Example like her each old Lady approves:
With Fervour and Truth she does constantly pray,
And Respect to her Name, and her Actions, all pay.
“ Our Laughter, you tell me, is nothing but Art;
“ That Mirth, if sincere, must proceed from the Heart.”
A transient Impression your Counsels oft make,
But from them I'll fly, ere I Pleasure forsake.
'Tis true I have lost all my good Stock of Health,
And have nearly exhausted poor MODISH's Wealth:
His Heart, too, I've lost; and eight thousand at Loo
By me is to Count POTAWOSKEY now due.

That

That Sum Mr. MODISH will never advance;
So the Count kindly says he will take me to France.
With fullen four Looks one torments me for ever,
While the other is always obliging and clever.
This Letter I long have begun, but my Fate
Has only, dear BEL, been determin'd of late :
My Diamonds are most of them gone, here and there ;
A few with false Stones now assist in the Glare.
Thus, what with my Gaming, my Tradesmen, and Bets,
Twenty thousand, I think, would not clear off my Debts.
But should some few rail---since I stand not alone,
Of the *Ton* let the Guiltless cast at me a Stone :
Contented am I thus to gain my full Passion,
And subscribe

Your sincerest,

A WOMAN of FASHION.

G

“ SUCH is the Language of each modish Fair!
Yet Memoirs, not of modern Growth, declare,
The Time has been when Modesty and Truth
Were deem'd Additions to the Charms of Youth;
When Women hid their Necks, and veil'd their Faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public Places,
Nor took the Airs of Amazons for Graces.
Then plain domestic Virtue was the Mode,
And Wives ne'er dreamt of Happiness abroad:
They lov'd their Children, learnt no flaunting Airs,
But with the Joys of Wedlock mix'd the Cares.
Those Times are past—yet, sure, they merit Praise,
For Marriage triumph'd in those golden Days:
By chaste Decorum they Affection gain'd,
By Faith and Fondness what they won maintain'd.

'Tis

'Tis yours, ye Fair, to bring those Days again,
And form a-new the Hearts of thoughtless Men;
Make Beauty's Lustre amiable as bright,
And give the Soul, as well as Sense, Delight:
Reclaim from Folly a fantastic Age
That scorns the Prefs, the Pulpit, and the Stage.
Let Truth and Tendernefs your Breasts adorn,
The Marriage Chain with Transport shall be worn;
Each blooming Virgin, rais'd into a Bride,
Shall double all their Joys, their Cares divide;
Alleviate Grief, compose the Jars of Strife,
And pour the Balm that sweetens human Life."

Latter Part of SHENSTONE's Epilogue to CLEONE.

" 'Tis

“ ’Tis hard to say, if greater Want of Skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, less dangerous is th’ Offence
To tire our Patience than mislead our Sense.
Some few in that, but Numbers err in this ;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss :
A Fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in Verse makes many more in Prose.

“ ’Tis with our Judgments as our Watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic’s Share ;
Both must alike from Heav’n derive their Light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write :
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

Authors

Authors are partial to their Wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their Judgment too?

“ Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the Seed of Judgment in their Mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring Light:
The Lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the flightest Sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by Ill-Colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false Learning is Good-Sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the Maze of Schools,
And some made Coxcombs Nature meant but Fools.
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's Spite;
All Fools have still an Itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing Side:

H

If

If *Mævius* scribble in *Apollo's* Spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy Mules are neither Horse nor Ass.
Those half-learn'd Witlings, num'rous in our Isle
As half-form'd Insects on the Banks of *Nile*;
Unfinish'd Things, one knows not what to call,
Their Generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred Tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's, that might a Hundred tire.

“ But you, who seek to give, and merit Fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble Name”—

(POPE's Essay on Criticism)

To

To you I make Appeal—Is it a Crime
To paint rude Manners in unpolish'd Rhyme?
Men who have Justice will have Mercy too,
Nor keep Intention from at least her Due:
All cannot equally alike excel;
I claim *Indulgence* from *intending* well.

THE AUTHOR.

A N

THE WOMAN OF FASHION

To you I make Appeal—Is it a Crime

To paint the Masses in ungodly Rhyme?

Men who have done well have done so

For their own sakes and for the good

All cannot do the same

I am a woman of the world

And I am not ashamed to tell

That I am a woman of the world

And I am not ashamed to tell

That I am a woman of the world

And I am not ashamed to tell

That I am a woman of the world

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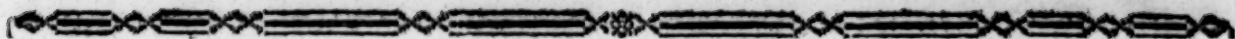
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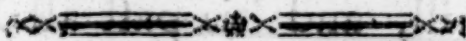


AN

ADDITIONAL LETTER

FROM

Lady MARIA MODISH to *Lady* BELINDA ARTLESS.



FROM Switzerland now I address my dear Friend,
 Where MARIA's Campaign for this Summer must end.
 Sure so much Fatigue no poor Woman e'er knew;
 For Mountains on Mountains perpetually grew.
 The Savoy Glacieres I have just travell'd o'er,
 Thro' such Snow as no Lady e'er ventur'd before.

I

The

The Twenty-four Letters, a charming dear Set,
All merrily here for the present are met.
Mr. A— thirty Thousand by Gaming has lost,
And suppos'd that his Father would be at the Cost;
But the Churl at this Time will not extricate A—,
So his Wife and his Children he gives up for Play.
The Farce I'd continue, but find it won't do;
Yet that Secret will only discover to you.
I have lately been ill, and 'tis past all Expression
How much I have suffer'd for ev'ry Transgression.
My Vows at the Altar how could I thus break,
Rashly sport with my Fame, and my Husband forsake!
That Husband so lately obliging and true,
Whom, alas! I have left, POTAWOSKEY, for you.
Ah! why did MARIA with Innocence part,
Why banish her thence, and take Guilt to my Heart!

She

She enliven'd each Note of the Nightingale's Song,
And pleas'd then with MODISH I rambled along.
With Tremor on Memory's Tablet I cast
An Eye upon Joys I shall never more taste.
By false Colours disguis'd, Vice steals on us unknown,
We confound her with Terms due to Virtue alone;
With Roses bestrew the deep Precipice o'er—
Dissipation whirls on—and our Fame is no more!
I am wearied of Fashion—false Joy she bestows,
Slightly gilds over Grief, and but varnishes Woes.
No Party, tho' lively, can banish my Gloom;
Reflection distracts me, and points out my Doom.
But why do I grieve?—I'll turn Papist at last,
And gain Absolution for all that is past.
When Pain and Disease, with Old-Age, shall intrude,
No Denial will take, and grow *monstrously* rude;

When

When the Count shall forsake me, as *soon* he will do,
 For a Face more bewitching, because it is new;
 IMMUR'D in a Convent true Comfort I'll borrow;
 Those Walls have been always a Shelter for Sorrow.
 Then adieu to the World! to the Count then adieu!
 E'en farewell, BELINDA, for ever to you!
 There Penance I'll suffer for that *fatal* Passion
 Which *enlisted* MARIA

A WOMAN OF FASHION.

F I N I S.



